

NATIONAL PHANTOMS

GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

A Story of Specters That Stalk at Night When the Halls of Legislation Are Gloomy and Deserted, as Told by One of the Old Guards.

Like most repositories of good stories, the ancient man who has spent decades as a guard in the capitol in Washington did not yield up the fullness of his narrative riches without a struggle.

"It's unpleasant to be made a 'do' of by the skeptical," he protested. "Do you believe in ghosts, young man?"

"If answering in the affirmative begets an interesting tale, I do," returned the writer.

"Well, starting on the premise that you do believe to some extent in the supernatural, I will admit you to my confidence," resumed the old guard, and here goes for the authentic yarn of the spooks that haunt the nation's capitol:

"In the long, monotonous watches of the night innumerable are the spooks, hobgoblins and the eerie, vapory things which glide from the shadowy nooks and crannies of the intangible nowhere to people the capitol's vast stretches of darkness.

"Of course you know of the extraordinary acoustic freaks which obtain in many parts of the great building—how a whisper, a breathed word at one particular point is audible at another score of feet distant? Yes, now, at night these acoustic spirits simply go mad.

Where they by day were pygmies they expand into giants, and a whistle, a sudden sound, a footfall, resolves itself into a pandemonium.

"Weld, terrifying noises beat upon the eardrums of the watchmen as they pursue their lonely patrols through the seeming miles of corridors, and then the spooks, the shades of the nation's great, the astral bodies of those that toiled in obscurity for the nation's good, dodge the watchmen's step, some grand and awful in their speechless dignity, some creeping humbly about in apologetic silence, some laughing, some sobbing, but all of them horrible—horrible."

The old man paused to muse. "Do you know," he said, breaking into his own reverie explosively, "Feb. 23 is a date dreaded by many of the capitol night guards? It was on this day, in 1848, that John Quincy Adams died in the chamber of the house of representatives, now Statuary hall, where the exact spot is marked by a brass tablet. Promptly at midnight on every anniversary of his death the shade of John Quincy Adams appears in a sort of phosphorescent glow over this brass tablet. Oh, dozens of guards have seen it from time to time as well as I, and I can refer you to many of them for affirmation of my assertions.

"Once over the spot the shade begins to gesticulate, after the manner of a member addressing the house. Then, all of a sudden, the fine face becomes distorted and agonized, the gracefully waving arms fall convulsively, and down sinks the shade with all the movements of an expiring man. Then the phosphorescent glow fades away, and the ethereal eddy dissolves.

"But, although lost sight of its presence is still made known by the slump, flop, clump, flop," of invisible footfalls departing down one of the long vacant corridors.

"Stranger than this is the ghost of the entire congress of 1848, which appears in vigorous if spooky session every once in awhile in Statuary hall, the old hall of representatives, as I have previously remarked. Inaudible, but spicily, are the debates; energetic to the bursting point of vehemence are the silent political discussions. Provoked by a doubting Thomas, a member of the capitol night watch several years ago made affidavit that he had seen this ghostly congress in session. Yes, he was a sober man and true.

"The shade of General John A. Logan is a frequent visitor at the capitol. Almost every alternate night at half past 12 o'clock this ghost materializes at the door of the room occupied by the senate committee on military and militia. Silently the door swings open, and out steps the looming and luminous presence, to stalk in stately dignity away into the swallowing gloom. This is a favorite phantom with the guards. Its conduct is exemplary.

"Then there is the shade of Vice President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate end of the capitol, you will recall. Its peregrinations are few and desultory. When it does come, there is always an expression of concern and self absorption in the glossy face. The movements of the vapory body are restless and hurried.

NAPOLÉON'S AWFUL HAND.

One Theory of the Great Man's Failure at Waterloo.

Napoleon, according to Alexander Dumas, lost such battles as he did lose because he wrote such a fateful hand. His generals could not read his notes and letters, typewriting had not been invented, and the trembling marshals, afraid of disobeying and striving to interpret the indecipherable commands, loitered, wandered and did not come up to the scratch, or not to the right scratch. Thus Waterloo was lost. Can't you fancy Gravelle handing round Napoleon's notes on that sanguinary Sunday? "I say," cries the marshal to his aide-de-camp, "is that word Gembloux or Wavre? Is this Blincher or Bulwag?" So probably Gravelle tossed up for it, and the real words may have been none of these at which he offered his conjectures. Meanwhile on the left and center D'Erion and Jerome and Ney were equally puzzled and kept on sending cavalry to places where it was very uncomfortable (though our men seldom managed to hit any of the cavaliers, firing too high) and did no sort of good. Napoleon may never have been apprised of these circumstances. His old writing master was not on the scene of action. Nobody dared to say, "Sire, what does this figure of a centipede mean, and how are we to construe these two thick strokes flanked by blot?" The imperial temper was peevy; the great man would have torn off his interrogator's epaulettes and danced upon them. Did he not once draw his pistol to shoot a little dog that barked at his horse? And when the pistol missed fire the great soldier threw it at the dog and did not hit him. The little dog retreated with the honors of war.

Such was the temper of Napoleon, and we know what Marlborough thought of the value of an equable temper. Nobody could ask Bonaparte to write a legible hand, so his generals lived a life of conjecture as to his meaning, and Waterloo was not a success, and the emperor never knew why. Of all his seven or eight theories of his failure at Waterloo, his handwriting was not one. Yet if this explanation had occurred to him Napoleon would certainly have blamed his pens, ink and paper. Those of Nelson at Copenhagen were very bad. "If your guns are no better than your pens," said a Danish officer who came in under a flag of truce before the fight and was asked to put a message into writing, "you had better retire."—Andrew Lang in Loughman's Magazine.

SICKROOM PHILOSOPHY.

Never confine a patient to one room if you can obtain the use of two. Never play the piano to a sick person if you can play on strings or sing. Never stand and fidget when a sick person is talking to you. Sit down. Never complain that you cannot get a feeding cup if there is a teapot to be had instead.

Never read fast to a sick person. The way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly.

Never judge the condition of your patient from his appearance during a conversation. See how he looks an hour afterward.

Never put a hot water bottle next to the skin. Its efficiency and the patient's safety are both enhanced by surrounding the bottle with flannel.

Never allow the patient to take the temperature himself. Many patients are more knowing than nurses where there is a question of temperature.

Hot Cross Buns. In its early days, when it is to be hoped, it was more toothsome than it is now, the hot cross bun played some part in converting the people of these islands to Christianity. Pagan England was in the habit of eating cakes in honor of the goddess of spring, and Christian missionaries found that though they could alter the views of the people in reference to religious matters they could not induce them to withhold from the consumption of confectionery. So they put the sign of the cross upon the bun of the Saxon era and launched it upon missionary enterprise which has extended through the intervening centuries and survived till now.—London Tit-Bits.

A Wet Umbrella. Never leave an umbrella standing on the point in the ordinary way when wet. The water trickles down, spoiling the silk and making the wires rusty. It is also a mistake to open it and leave it standing, as this stretches the silk, making it buggy so that it is impossible to fold it smoothly. The proper way is to shake out as much of the water as possible, then stand the umbrella on its handle to drain.

Comparisons Are Odious. Perkins, Jr.—Why don't you buy that horse of Seth's, pop? He's got a fine pedigree. Perkins, Sr.—Pedigree! The question is, is he worth anything? Why, boy, them sassety folks what comes here to the summer has pedigrees.—Brooklyn Life.

A Barrier. "What have you in the way of beefsteak today?" asked the cheerful customer who hadn't paid his bill. "Well," replied the frank butcher, "I reckon about the only thing in the way is its price."—Baltimore News.

Investigating the Delay. Sunday School Teacher.—And it took Noah 100 years to build the ark. Street Arab.—What was the matter? Was there a strike?—Puck.

If it wasn't for silly hens the fox would not have his reputation.—Life.

ALLIGATORS AS BOATMATES

Experience With One That Had Been Apparently Killed.

Alligators move rapidly under water, are hard to see, harder to hit, and the harpoon will penetrate only the least accessible portions of the body. Nor does the title to the hide necessarily pass with making fast the weapon. One afternoon in the Chesapeake river I harpooned a large alligator which towed me up and down the stream for an hour or two and then sunk in its deepest part. I pulled on the line until the boat was directly over him and stirred him up with the harpoon pole. He rolled himself up on the line in the manner peculiar to sharks and alligators and bugged the boat suggestively. We rowed to the bank and, making fast to some bushes, hauled on the line until we succeeded in worrying him nearly to the boat, when he rose to the surface and attacked us with open mouth. We repelled the attack with harpoon pole and rifle. The former was promptly bitten in three places, but the latter apparently finished him. It was so nearly dark that we decided to carry him in the skiff a mile down the river to where our skiff was anchored. We broke the seats out of the boat and together managed to lift the head of the alligator aboard and tie it. We then tied the other end, when the reptile came to life and landed a blow with his tail which lifted me out of the skiff into the saw grass, with the breath knocked out of my body and my hand and face badly cut by the grass.

Boat and boatmen were capsized. As my rifle had fortunately been left upon the bank, I was able to kill the alligator again. We secured him by floating the boat under him and then hauling it out. The alligator completely filled the boat, so that my companion and I sat upon his back as we paddled down the river with gunwales unpleasantly near the water.

It was growing dark, and the water around us was becoming alive with alligators. While we were reflecting upon our overloaded condition our alligator came to life again and shifted ballast until water poured over the gunwale. We quickly balanced the boat, only to see it again disturbed and to ship more water. A scramble for the shore followed, which we reached without capsizing and where we left our victim for the night after again killing him. In the morning our buzzard friend from the Homosassa river, surrounded by his family, was sitting above him in the tree waiting for us to attend to our carving duties.—Country Life in America.

UNPLANTED CORN.

It Has a Habit of Getting Uneasy in the Spring.

"It beats all," said a Bergen county farmer, "what curious things we find in nature that we can't explain. You kin go over a lot of 'em, and there's yet one that you can't tell me why it is. That's corn beatin' up in the spring."

"You take a lot of corn. I don't care if it's whole corn or cracked corn or cornmeal. You keep it in any kind of storehouse—the common granary, like we have on the farms, or the stone or brick buildin', like many of the grocers and feed dealers have in. When it comes corn plantin' time, that corn of yours 'll git uneasy. Soon's the blades start out of the ground, then you'll have to hustle to save your grain. 'Seems as when the time comes along fur corn to be planted the corn in the bags, no matter what shape it's in, begins to beat up, and when the planted corn begins to grow what you've got stored will git so hot it'll fairly smoke. You've got to take it out of the bags and spread it out so it'll cool off or you'll lose it all. In a few days it'll cool down again, and you won't have no more trouble with it durin' the summer, no matter how hot the weather gets. It's just when the planted corn starts; that's all."

"Curious? Of course it's curious or I wouldn't speak of it. I might understand how whole corn would act that way, but when it comes to cracked corn and cornmeal then it's too much fur me. And I'll bet you can't tell why it is, 'cept it's 'jest nature tryin' to assert herself."—New York Mail and Express.

Writing on Wood. Some persons are of the opinion that the first writing was upon thin pieces of wood. From their convenience this seems probable. Such boards were used at an early period by the Greeks and Romans, and were frequently covered with wax, which was of course more easily written upon than the bare wood. Where wax was used errors were readily erased by rubbing with the blunt end of the piece of metal which served for a pen. To make the writing more visible it appears that some black substance was smeared over the surface of the white wax and remained in the scratched marks.

Good Enough as It Is. "Doctor, if a pale young man named Jinks calls on you for a prescription don't let him have it." "Why not?" "He wants something to improve his appetite, and he boards at my house."

It Would Seem So. Fair Niece.—Why do you object to duets so strenuously, Uncle Tom? Uncle Tom.—Because when two people attack one inoffensive piece of music simultaneously it's taking an unfair advantage.—Chicago News.

Very conservative in all matters are the Turks, and especially slow to adopt modern improvements of any kind. When a man quits smoking and goes to chewing he is not much of a hero.—Athenian Globe.

BIRMINGHAM PICTURES.

They Were Mere Paper, but They Subdued the Artist Turner.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined money grubbing and unreckoning devotion to his art. He would drive a hard bargain one day and the next refuse to sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission was communicated in anything but a polite manner. Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff artist and his doorkeeper and achieving a bargain. A book on Turner gives the story.

Mr. Gillott was met at the door of Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentleman's business. "Can't let 'em in!" she snapped out, when he told her, and tried to slam the door. But Mr. Gillott had put his foot inside the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the startled jauntiness and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said that he had come to buy. "Don't want to sell!" was the answer.

"Have you seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor, as calmly as if he had been received as a gentleman should be. "Never heard of 'em," said Turner. Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham bank notes. "Here paper," remarked Turner, who evidently enjoyed the joke. "To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand to indicate the paintings on the wall. His tone—perhaps also the sight of the "mere paper"—conquered Turner, and when the visitor departed he had bargained for several valuable pictures.

THE MISSING FOWL.

An Experience With an Absent-minded English Artist.

Wills invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. He accepted, reminding him that as he was absent-minded he had better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket he wrote the date on his shirt cuff. When the appointed hour was opened by Wills, and I could see that he had forgotten all about the appointment. "Ah, old fellow," he exclaimed, "do not be too hard on me. The cuff went to the wash, and the date with it. But there is a fowl in the pot boiling here." continued Mr. Wills. "Just come in and wait a few minutes."

I had my misgivings, but walked in and sat down upon the only chair not crowded with paint, brushes and palettes. After waiting for about twenty minutes, feeling dazedly hungry, I groaned. This had the effect of reminding Wills that I was present. He exclaimed in a dreamy voice, "The fowl must be boiled by this time," and coming forward he lifted the lid of the pot and peered inside. "It is very odd," he remarked, "but I cannot see the fowl. Extraordinary! No one has been here, so the bird cannot have been stolen."

Well, the long and short of it is that a week or two later I called again at the studio, noticed a peculiar odor and discovered the old fowl wrapped up in a piece of brown paper. "Ah!" said Wills, "now I know how it all happened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor—Lady G.—about sittings for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas and forgotten all about it. But now, old fellow, do shut up!"—London Mail.

The Parsee. The Parsee, untrammelled by his surroundings, is seen in Bombay in all his wealth of height and dress. The men are, without exception, tall, finely formed and stately and possess a robustness and beauty quite at contrast with their Hindoo neighbors. Their street costume is a peculiar long white cotton gown, wide trousers of the same material and color and a tall miter shaped hat. They have a general reputation for sobriety, frugality and sagacity, and they seem to thoroughly understand the accumulation of fortunes, in this respect resembling the Hebrews. The wealthiest residents of Bombay are Parsees.

Where Cobras Are Held to Be Sacred. The Hindoos on account of their superstition are very loath to destroy a cobra. It appears prominently in their mythology, and it is venerated both as a symbol of a malicious and destructive power and also a beneficent one. According to Mr. A. K. Forbes, cobras lie looked upon as guardian angels, and there is a Bengalese tradition that a male infant auspiciously shaded by a cobra will come to the throne.

Hard Work. Mrs. A.—I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do? Mrs. B.—The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years.

Easy to Meet. "Have you any trouble in meeting your creditors, old chap?" "No difficulty whatever. I meet 'em everywhere, old boy."

Noncommittal. Judge.—What is your age, madam? Witness.—I'm at least six years younger than the neighbors think me.—Philadelphia Press.

THE LONDON TAPSTER.

Hard Luck Stories That Take the Place of Open Beating.

The plain and open tapster who accosts you in the street purely to beg may generally be known by an amazing overpoliteness in opening the conversation. He is the only person I know who begs pardon for taking the liberty of speaking to you, and by this sign you shall know him. They all begin by begging pardon for taking this or that so very rare liberty, but only the duffers go on straightway to tap. The proficient tapsters approach the tap sideways, so to speak. Something like this, with a quick touch of the hat brim: "Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure I 'umbly beg your pardon for takin' the great liberty of speakin' to you in a public thoroughfare like this, which I am quite aware it is a great liberty, sir, though trustin' you will kindly pardon the great liberty of a pore, 'ardworkin' man, sir, in takin' the great liberty of askin' if this street is the 'Aymarket, sir?' (Or the way to the Strand or the day of the month, or something.)

You answer the stream of apologies, "Thank you, kindly, sir," pursues the tapster, pouring out the words, "thank you kindly, sir, if you'll so far pardon the liberty of a pore, 'ardworkin' man, sir, in askin' the question, which unfortunately I was forced to take the great liberty, sir, through bein' out o' work eighteen months an' nothink to get since last Tuesday fortnight, sir, upon y' word of honor, which nothink but the cries for bread of fourteen young children in arms would prevail on me, sir—so I gistern kind as you've bin to me, sir, which I shall never forget—to take the very great liberty, sir, in a public thoroughfare, of askin' which is the nearest workhouse?"

If once more you give him information instead of coppers, you only provoke another speech of the same sort, for he can go on like that for a deal longer than you want to listen. It is only in the extreme that he will direct-ask for money, though I fancy that it is merely caution that marks his guarded way, as they say in the lyric, for if accused of begging by some watchful policeman he can always plead that he was only asking a harmless question. And the questions are endless in variety. I give my solemn word that I was once buttonholed by one of these needy tapsters with the apologetic request that I would tell him the number of stars on the national flag of the United States! This is a simple fact.—Leonard Larkin in the Strand.

The Title of "Mrs." The title Mrs. was in olden time applied to unmarried as well as to married women and to young as well as old. Sir Walter Scott spoke of Joanna (unmarried) as Mrs. Joanna Balliol. Although it was not perhaps so universal to address quite young children as it was those over twenty-one by the title of Mrs., yet it was frequently done. The most ludicrous example of this occurs in the register of burials for the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The burial of Milton's second wife and that of his infant daughter, named after her, who died at the age of five months, are both recorded in that register, the name in each case being entered as "Mrs. Katherine Milton," without any mark of distinction save the letter "C" for "child," after the second name. Even in the reign of George II., as we read in "Pope's Letters," unmarried ladies used to be styled Mrs.

Wonderful Insect Vitality. It is a standing puzzle to the entomologists how frail little insects of the mosquito and butterfly order can brave the cold of an arctic winter and yet retain their vitality. The larva of the milkweed butterfly has been exposed to an artificial blizzard 68 degrees below zero. Taken out of range of this artificial blizzard and gradually "thawed out" this same worm was able to creep in less than half an hour afterward. Butterflies have been found flitting joyously about in the highest latitude man has ever penetrated, and the mosquitoes of Alaska and Greenland are known to be the healthiest specimens of that race of little pests.

Engagement Rings. The custom of giving engagement rings ranks back to long before the Christian era. With the ancient Egyptians engagement rings were always of iron, to indicate the mutual sacrifice of liberty of the contracting parties. One of the very earliest documents of betrothal rings was a loadstone, which symbolized the attractive force which drew a maiden from her own family circle into that of her husband. It is believed that the fourth finger has always been the bride's ring finger.

Hard to Part With. The man at our boarding house has the remains of a once prosperous pocket comb, from which the teeth have long since fled. "Why," we ask him, "do you carry that thing around with you—that worthless old comb?" And he replies: "Well, I can't part with it."—Baltimore News.

A Basis For Social Success. Mr. Blank—I was rather amused to hear the children gossiping about their little playmates. Mrs. Blank—The little dears! If they only keep on, how they will shine in polite society when they grow up!—Tit-Bits.

Ideas generate ideas, like a potato, which cut in pieces reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

Sand Dunes in Gascony.

One of the most interesting and remarkable of the many regions for the observation of sand dunes lies between Bordeaux and Bayonne, in Gascony. The sea here throws every year upon the beach, along a line of 100 miles in length, some 5,000,000 cubic yards of sand.

The prevailing westerly winds continue picking up the surface particles from the westward slope, whirl them over to the inward slope, where they are again deposited, and the entire ridge by this means alone moves gradually inward. In the course of years there has thus been formed a complex system of dunes, all approximately parallel with the coast and with one another and of all altitudes up to 250 feet.

These are marching steadily inward at a rate of from three to six feet a year, whole villages having sometimes been torn down to prevent burial and rebuilt at a distance.

Beautiful Tree Snakes. Among the most attractive of the many kinds of serpents are the delicate and beautiful tree snakes (dendropis) which very rarely descend to the ground, as they find food enough among the birds and tree frogs and lizards which also dwell in them. The graceful form of the body, the elegance and rapidity of their movement and exquisite beauty of their colors have excited the lively admiration of those who have had the good fortune to watch them in their native haunts. Larger kinds attain to a length of 7 to 8 feet. They are frequently aided with the brightest colors, green, blue, however, generally the prevailing. They are active by day.

Saw the Whole of It. Alexander weeping because he had so small a house as a counterpart of his old inhabitant of Lusa, a prettily village on Loch Lomond side, Scotland, who at last has been persuaded to climb the mountain which has so large a part of his horizon all days of his life. In Lusa he has lived his fathers lived before him, from Lusa he has never had the amp to journey, even as far as Glasgow but some one got him to the top of Loch Lomond the other day. "Eh, mon," said he, with self congratulation, "but the whole big place when ye come to view whole of it!"

Realistic. He—I had a realistic dream night. She—Indeed? What was it? "Oh, I dreamed I had seduced you and you had turned over to your father."

"Yes, yes. And what did I say?" "Oh, I don't know. I know I woke up and found you on the floor."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not to Be Ends. "Dear boy, is it true you have discharged your valet?" "Yes, the second! I took him out with me, he had to make people think he was there and I was the man, how Jove change."

Facts about Meine. "If your Vinol is such wonderful stuff, why need of harping about it in the paper? There's plenty medicines advertised every sheet, and I don't b' what they say about anym." Such was a remark in the store.

We answer advertise Vinol because we found it a good thing, lung troubles, dia, weak women and n folks.

We advert under our own name, with our own guarantee, it is different from the medicines our friend allude to. For instance, it is not a preparation, it is endo physicians. It has a record of cures right town. It has our guarantee of money if you are not helped.

We ac Vinol to increase it less. It's pit take.

H. A. STROKE DIST.

J. H. H. UNDERWOOD EMBALMING.

A Full list constantly on hand Picture Gallery. Office and warehouse in "Four Evans" racket corner, Be.

Subsc. Star

I want the News

Needed in Every Home THE NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY A Dictionary of ENGLISH, French, Geography, Fiction, etc. New Plates Throughout 25,000 New Words Phrases and Definitions Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors. Rich Bindings, 2364 Quarto Pages 8000 Illustrations. The International was first issued in 1890, succeeding the "Unabridged." The New and Enlarged Edition of the International was issued in October, 1900. Get the latest and best. We also publish Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Glossary of Scientific and Technical Terms. 1000 Pages, 1000 Illustrations, Bound in Gilt. "First-class in quality, second-class in price." Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION. Low Grade Division. In effect May 25, 1902. [Eastern Standard Time.

Table with columns: STATIONS, A. M., P. M., No. (N. or S.), No. (N. or S.). Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

WESTWARD. STATIONS, A. M., P. M., No. (N. or S.), No. (N. or S.). Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, A. M., P. M., No. (N. or S.), No. (N. or S.). Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION. In effect March 24th, 1902. Trains leave Delroitwood as follows:

Table with columns: STATIONS, A. M., P. M., No. (N. or S.), No. (N. or S.). Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

JOHNSBURG RAILROAD. A. M., P. M., No. (N. or S.), No. (N. or S.). Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

RIDGEWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD AND CONNECTIONS. A. M., P. M., No. (N. or S.), No. (N. or S.). Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

WE ANSWER ADVERTISE VINOL BECAUSE WE FOUND IT A GOOD THING, LUNG TROUBLES, DIA, WEAK WOMEN AND N FOLKS.

WE ADVERT UNDER OUR OWN NAME, WITH OUR OWN GUARANTEE, IT IS DIFFERENT FROM THE MEDICINES OUR FRIEND ALLUDE TO.

WE AC VINOL TO INCREASE IT LESS. IT'S PIT TAKE.

H. A. STROKE DIST.

J. H. H. UNDERWOOD EMBALMING.